

PLEASE DADDY???

A little girl with shining eyes, her little face aglow
Said, "Daddy, it's almost time for Bible School, let's go."

"Oh no", said daddy, "not today, I've worked hard all this week;
And I must have one day of rest...I'm going to the creek.

For there I can relax and rest, and fishing's fine, they say.
So run along, don't bother me; we'll go again someday."

Months and years have passed away, but daddy hears that plea no more,
"Let's go to Bible School," because, those days are o'er.

And now that daddy's growing old, his hair is turning gray,
He finds time to go to church: but what does daughter say?

"Oh no, daddy, not today; I've stayed up most the night,
And I must get myself some sleep. Besides, I look a fright."

Then daddy lifts a trembling hand to brush away the tears.
He seems to hear the pleading voice, distinctly through the years.

He sees a small girl's little face, upturned with eyes aglow.
"It's almost time for Bible School, PLEASE DADDY, CAN'T WE GO?"

found in my files and edited some ... this little "heart wrenching" poem
prompted my article inside ... cab

PLEASE DADDY, CAN'T WE GO?

I HEARD OR READ THE STORY A PREACHER TOLD OF SOME OF HIS EXPERIENCES AS A GOSPEL PREACHER WHICH CLOSELY PARALLELED SOME OF MINE, AND I AM SURE THAT OF MANY OTHERS.

While visiting in the home of a family that had not attended the services in some time, a little 5 year-old girl interrupted by entering the room and asking the preacher to do her a favor. She said, "My Bible class teacher was helping me make a lamb out of paper and cotton. We have not been to class in a long time and I am afraid the teacher might throw mine away. Will you please ask her not to throw it away? Mommy said we might go again pretty soon." Have you ever had a big old lump in your throat? I promised her I would tell her teacher as the mother hurried her out of the room.

Then there was the time when the preacher was greeting

people at the door of the church building after the sermon, and a little boy about 4 years-old tugged on the preacher's hand, and asked the preacher if he could whisper something to him. When he bent down to listen, the little boy said, "Would you ask my mommy and daddy to bring me to Bible class? I think they would if you asked them, but don't tell them I told you to ask." Another big throat lump time!

How very unfortunate some of us do not realize how much our children need God and the people who love God in their lives. Sometimes our intentions are good, but our implementation is awful. Children are so teachable concerning that which is good, but they can as easily learn wrong things. If we waste, squander and misuse the opportunities to love and help our children, may God have mercy upon us!

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